

THE  
BOOK

of  
THE



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The daughters of Nine Sraphim led round their sunny flocks,  
Till but the youngest, she in palerels sought the secret air.  
To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day:  
Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard:  
And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew.

O life of this our spring! why find'st the lotus of the water?  
Why fade these children of the spring? born but to smile & fall.  
Ah! Tiel is like a watry bow, and like a parting cloud.  
Like a reflection in a glas, like shadows in the water.  
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infants face.  
Like the doves' voice, like transient day, like music in the air.  
Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head,  
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gentle hear the voice  
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.

The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble grass  
Answered the lovely maid and said: I am a watry weed,  
And I am very small, and love to shew in lowly vales:  
So weak, the gilded butterfly scarve perches on my head.  
Yet I am visited from heaven, and he that smiles on all.  
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads his hand  
Saying, rejoice thou humble grass, thou new-born lily flower;  
Then gentle maid of silent vales, and of modest brooks:  
For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning adona;  
Till summers heat with thee beside the fountains and the springs  
To flourish in eternal vales: then why should Thel complain?

why.

Why should the mistrels of the vales of Har, utter a sigh.

She ceased & smild in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answerd. O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley.

Caring to those that cannot crave, the voicelels, the verfired.  
The breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells thy milky garments.  
He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his face,  
Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taunts.

The wine doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume.

Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grase that springs,  
Revives the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing steed.

But Thel is like a sum' cloud kindled at the rising sun:  
I vanush from my pearly throne, and who shall find me place.

Queen of the vales the Lilly answerd, ask the tender cloud,

And it shall tell thee why it glutters in the morning sky.

And why it scatters its bright beauty thro the humed air.

Descend O little cloud & hover before the eyes of Thel.

The Cloud descended, and the Lilly bowed her modest head:

And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant grases.



## II.

O little Cloud, the virgin said, I charge thee tell to me  
 Why thou complainedst not when in one hour thou fade away:  
 Then we shall seek thee but not find; ah Thel is like to thee.  
 I pass away, yet I complain, and no one hears my voice:

The Cloud then shew'd his golden head & his bright form emerg'd,  
 Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel.

O virgin knowest thou not: our steeds drink of the golden springs  
 Where Louah doth review his horses: lookst thou on my youth,  
 And fearest thou because I vanish and am seen no more.  
 Nothing remains: O maid I tell thee when I pass away,  
 It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy:  
 Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon bamy flowers:  
 And court the fair eyed dew, to take me to her shining tent;  
 The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun  
 Till we arise link'd in a golden band, and never part:  
 But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers

Dost thou O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee;  
 For I walk through the vales of Har, and smell the sweetest flowers:  
 But I feed not the little flowers: I hear the warbling birds,  
 But I see not the warbling birds, they fly and seek their food:  
 But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away,  
 And all shall say, without a use this shining woman livid,  
 Or did she only live, to be at death the food of worms.

The Cloud reclined upon his airy throne and answer'd thus.

Then if thou art the food of worms, O virgin of the skies,  
 How great thy use, how great thy blessing; every thing that lives,  
 Lives not alone, nor for itself: fear not and I will call  
 The weak worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice.  
 Come forth worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen.

The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lilby leaf,  
 And the bright Cloud sail'd on, to find his partner in the vale.



### III.

*Then Thel astonisht view'd the Worm upon its dewy bed.*

*Art thou a Worm? image of wormes, art thou but a Worm?  
I see thee like an infant wrapped in the Lilys leaf:  
At weep not little voice, thou canst not speake, but thou canst weep:  
Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked: weeping:  
And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mothers smiles.*

*The Cloe of Clay heard the Worms voice, & raised her pitying head:  
She bowed over the weeping infant, and her life exhal'd  
In willy fondness, then on Thel she fix'd her humble eyes.*

*O beauty of the vales of Hav, we live not for ourselves.  
Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed:  
My bosom of itself is cold, and of itself is dark,*

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But he that loves the lowly, pours his oil upon my head,  
And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast.  
And says; Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee.  
And I have given thee a crown that none can take away.  
But how this is sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know.  
I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love.

The daughter of beauty wip'd her pitying tears with her white veil,  
And said. Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep:  
That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish the evil sort  
That willful, bruised its helpless form: but that he charish'd it  
With milk and oil, I never knew; and therefore did I weep.  
And I complain'd in the mild air, because I fade away,  
And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot.

Queen of the vales, the matron Clay answer'd; I heard thy sighs,  
And all thy moans flew o'er my roof, but I have call'd them down;  
Wilt thou O Queen enter my house, 'tis given thee to enter.  
And to return; fear nothing, enter with thy virgin feet.



## IV.

The eternal gates terrific porter lifted the northern bar;  
 Thel enterd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown:  
 She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots  
 Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists:  
 A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen.

She wanderd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, listening  
 Dolours & lamentations: waiting oft beside a dewy grave  
 She stood in silence, listening to the voices of the ground,  
 Till to her own grove plot she came, & there she sat down,  
 And heard thus voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit-

Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?  
 Or the glistening Eye to the poison of a smile?  
 Why are Eyelids stord with arrows ready drawn,  
 Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?  
 Or an Eye of gifts & graces, showing fruits & coined  
 gold?

Why a Tongue unprestid with honey from every wind?  
 Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?  
 Why a Nasrul wide whaling terror trembling & affright?  
 Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy?  
 Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?

The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek,  
 Fled back unthunderd till she came into the vales of  
 Her



The End

# THEL's Motto.

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?  
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole:  
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?  
Or Love in a golden bowl?